

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Ghost Town

MARGARET HAYGOOD

*Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1944-1945*

IF YOU SHOULD GO TO FLORIDA THIS WINTER YOU would see many wonderful sights. Each Sunday the *Chicago Tribune* runs column after column describing the exotic charm of this land of "sunshine and flowers." If I were to be your guide on this trip, however, I should want very much to show you a particular place in the middle of the state which you will not find mentioned in any of the glowing and alluring accounts sent out by the Chambers of Commerce. This place has a past, and a past that wouldn't make good publicity for a state that brags of "eternal sunshine" and mild winters. "Ghost Town's" only claim to renown is the mention made of it by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings in *The Yearling*.

I remember that when I first moved to Gainesville, Florida, and heard the story of "Ghost Town," I thought it was a local myth. "You must drive out and see it," said a friend of mine. I had seen ghost towns in the movies of the West, but I was not prepared for the intimate glimpse into the past afforded by this Florida ghost town.

My trip was planned for an afternoon in late spring. Eight miles out from Gainesville, on the Palatka Highway, we came to a dirt crossroad with a sign which read, "Left, Windsor—Right, Island Grove—Straight Ahead, Hawthorne." We took the left. It was a beautiful, wide country road, bordered with giant oaks whose branches, festooned with gray moss, met overhead to form a canopy. The sun shone through the trees in patches, making quaint patterns on the road before us. Birds darted back and forth, and a squirrel scampered across our way; but of human life and habitation we saw no sign. We rode on and on. Suddenly there was a sharp turn in the road, and before us was a double-lane drive with a grassy parkway in the middle. Settled back among the trees, on both sides of the road, were a number of houses, set fairly close together. They were not the rambling, rough structures that one usually sees in the back country in the South, but large town houses of the late Victorian period, with many gables and eaves scalloped in fancy designs. Elaborate bannisters hedged the many verandas, and upstairs windows sported ornamental balconies. Each house had its flower garden, now a tangled mass of yellow jasmine and purple lantana. In one garden a rambling rose vine was choking an iron figure of Cupid with drawn bow.

Further on we came to what had evidently been the community center, for there was a small building with a faded sign plastered above its door,

announcing to the world that this was the "U. S. Post Office—Windsor, Florida—erected 1885." Across the sandy road was a low, rambling structure with a wide porch, equipped with benches. This was the village emporium, and faded lettering in the windows advertised "Staple and Fancy Groceries" and "Drygoods and Notions."

Leading off Main Street were other streets on which were more Victorian models. Down one street we found a gloomy schoolhouse, and further on a quaint little church with its burying ground to one side. It was a small village, of not over fifty houses in all. They were washed clean of paint by the rains of many seasons, and bleached a soft gray by much tropical sun. Everything was wonderfully preserved, and being off the beaten path it had not fallen into the hands of vandals. Roaming livestock kept the weeds and grass to a minimum height. I kept looking about as if expecting to see someone come out of one of the houses, but there was not a soul to be seen. How had this all come about?

Part of the history of Florida's growth and of the settlers' trek southward started from this section. It was here that Northerners came, after the reconstruction period, in search of gold, the gold hidden in the orange, grapefruit, satsuma, and kumquat. Hawthorne, Rochelle, Island Grove, and Windsor were the center of the citrus industry in 1897. Windsor was the smallest of these early settlements.

The wealthy northerners had built themselves comfortable homes and imported the latest in conveniences and machinery. As money rolled in from the sale of fruits shipped to northern markets, more land was bought, more fruit trees were planted; as far as the eye could see, there were beautiful, flourishing groves. The new settlers were pleased with their new home, for the winters were mild and the summer pleasant. But that was before the "big freeze" in November, 1898. In that section of Florida, even today, time is reckoned by that freeze.

Out of the northwest rushed a mighty cold wave, headed south and east across the western plains. There was no weather bureau to publish daily predictions, no radio to issue last minute warnings. The trees were heavy with golden fruit ready for the picking. True, the sky towards the northwest was overcast, but the growers "figured" they were in for only a "spell" of wet weather. They went about their tasks of shutting things up for the night, for the wind was high. "Well, I guess our Indian summer's about over," they said. After supper the thermometer read fifty degrees; by morning it said forty. The growers began to drag out their smudge pots and to pile pine and oak wood at intervals throughout the grove, just in case. At three in the afternoon, the temperature was at freezing. Smudge pots were going strong, and fires had been lighted on the north edge of the groves so that the wind could carry the heat through the trees. The growers and their



families worked all day and all night keeping up the fires. The temperature had fallen to ten degrees by the morning of the second day and remained there for two days; smudge pots and occasional fires could not heat a grove against such cold.

Everything was lost, for not only was the fruit frozen, but also the trees themselves were killed. Citrus fruits could not be grown that far north. The growers deserted that section like rats deserting a sinking ship, and moved farther south, below the frost line. Thus, the "ghost town" of Windsor stands as a monument to experiment and progress, while Florida tries to forget this blot upon its escutcheon of "sunshine and flowers."

## Little Girl on a Bench

VICTORIA PRODAN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945*

I USED TO SEE HER QUITE OFTEN WHEN I CROSSED through the park on my way home after work. She was always huddled on the same iron bench swinging her thin legs slowly back and forth. She was a rather plain little girl about eight or nine years old. Her dresses were faded and the sleeve bands were too loose for her arms, indicating that her clothes had probably been handed down from a chubby older sister. Thin wisps of hair straggled to her shoulders, and over the top of her head crossed two scanty braids that pulled her scalp tight enough to raise the skin at the sides of her temples.

She had a lonely face. Her features were small and pale. Her lower lip drooped slightly even when she was not talking to her doll. Her nose looked as if it had forgotten to finish growing. I cannot describe her eyes for I never saw them. At times when I passed by, she would be talking silently to her rag doll; however, she was usually looking down at the ground, clutching the doll tightly in one hand. When she was sure no one was watching her, she would gaze wistfully at the noisy children playing hop-scotch a few feet away, entirely unconcerned with their small observer. If anyone came near, or one of the children chanced to look in her direction, she would immediately become interested in tying the ribbon on her rag doll's head.

After I had seen her a number of times, I began to greet her with cheerful remarks about the pleasantness of the afternoon. She always answered me by nodding her lowered head, and sometimes an expression almost like a smile played upon her lips. Although she never spoke, I caught her watching for me to turn in the park; and as I approached her bench she would start swinging her feet more rapidly.

# A Lesson in Spanish

LOIS SCHLECTER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1944-1945*

IT WAS THREE O'CLOCK, AND THE BEGINNING SPANISH class was in session in Room 116. That is to say, it had met, for no class is actually in session when its members are as far removed from the classroom as those in this group were. The Senora, who had learned Spanish in a similar high-school study group, droned on in her North American Castilian. "Estoy, estas, esta," she said. "Estamos, estais, estan. Remember that 'estar' is used when referring to location or temporary condition." Feet scraped; a queer one hummed almost inaudibly to himself. A head dropped down on its desk as the owner promised himself to study the grammar especially hard that night after supper. An atmosphere of complete resignation filled the room, except in a rear corner where three Spanish speakers-to-be were struggling to keep the spark of life from going out. This spark did not lack for fuel and was rapidly fanned into being when Luisa poked Conchita between the ribs with her pencil and whispered, "Let's write a story, huh?" Conchita rather unsuccessfully suppressed a small yelp (she was very ticklish) and nodded her approval. Pancho was included in the little story-writing deal, the object seeming to be to write part of a sentence, fold the paper over, and let the next person finish it. Pancho, while waiting for his turn to write, had located an imaginary bug which he followed with his eyes as it flew over the head of the teacher, those of his classmates, and finally came to rest on a wall. He watched it as it crawled up the wall, skirting a colored map of Mexico and a gaudy picture of two Spanish dancers, and waited until it got half-way across the ceiling before he shot it down with a machine gun, also entirely imaginary. Staring, he allowed it to drop to the floor, then pretended to spit on it. The girls were appreciatively disgusted, but forgot the incident as they unfolded the paper which was the story and began to read it. Conchita read it and shook with held-back laughter. Pancho read it and grinned as he handed it to Luisa. She giggled and whispered, "Look, it says, 'The policy is "Our men shall not fight over hot dogs."'" She put her hands over her mouth and sat there shaking for a moment. Then, "'It was Christmas, and the sky was filled with great, big, baby buggies.' Isn't that a scream?" They squirmed and laughed, retelling the amusing combinations in their creation.

The Senora lectured on. Her voice was tired, and her eyes as well. She had them fixed on some distant spot above the students' heads. "'Ser' is used," she said, "in stating a definite fact. Soy, eres, es, somos, sois, son."



# The Concerto

CAROLINE A. BARRETT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 4, 1944-1945*

THE CONCERTO IS AN INSTRUMENTAL COMPOSITION designed to display the skill of a solo artist. There is almost invariably accompaniment by an orchestra, although Franz Liszt's "Concert Pathétique" for two pianos and Robert Schumann's Sonata, Op. 14, published as a concerto without orchestra, are exceptions. The concerto, however, demands more than mere technical brilliance from the artist. He must be thoroughly competent in ensemble playing and show good musical judgment as well as demonstrate his virtuosity.

The classical concerto is written in a form called "sonata," which means that it is in three parts and states themes which are later developed and recapitulated. Thus the concerto is linked with the symphony in form, but with the all-important solo instrument to lend contrast.

The piano has always been composers' greatest favorite for concertos, the very nature of the instrument making it well fitted for contrast with the brasses, strings, and woodwinds of the symphony orchestra. Beethoven wrote five superb piano concertos, while Mozart has many more to his credit. Perhaps the greatest concerto is Beethoven's D major concerto for violin and orchestra. We might find it hard to believe that this magnificent composition was so poorly received at the first performance that it lay forgotten for many years, were we not told that the miserable premiere was played without rehearsal, the soloist sight-reading the score. This concerto was written for Franz Clement, a prominent musician of Vienna during Beethoven's time, who, in addition to reading the manuscript at sight, proceeded to play on the same program a set of variations with the violin held upside down! The other stringed instruments are featured in concertos also; Dvorak's 'cello concerto is a modern favorite. Mozart has a concerto for flute and one for bassoon, and Shostakovich has an interesting arrangement for piano, trumpet, and strings, which he calls a piano concerto.

Concertos are written for more than one solo instrument, and are then known as double or triple concertos. The A minor concerto of Brahms, for violin, violoncello and orchestra, is a very well-known example of the double concerto.

Although there are modifications of the form as settled by Mozart, the general lines of the concerto remain the same. There are three movements. The first begins with a tutti passage which serves as an introduction and presents the principal theme or melody. This tutti always ends in the original

key, and not in the dominant, or the relative major, as is the case in a sonata. The solo instrument enters with either the principal subject or a brilliant introductory passage. A repetition follows with the themes being divided between the soloist and the orchestra. The themes are next expanded, with the solo instrument playing an obbligato or merely elaborating on the orchestration. A return to the original subject leads into the cadenza.

The cadenza is a solo passage in which the artist is allowed to give a demonstration of his virtuosity to astonish and amuse the audience. It could be improvised by the player or previously composed, either by himself or by some other person. The soloist is expected not merely to show off his execution, but also to display skill in dealing with the subjects of the movement. A cadenza consisting entirely of extraneous matter would be altogether faulty and out of place, regardless of its technical brilliance. Beethoven, outraged by the irrelevant musical material often introduced by the solo players of his day, sometimes wrote out very explicit instructions for his cadenzas. In his concerto in E flat, Op. 73, he wrote out his own cadenza in full with the note, "Do not make a cadenza, but go on at once to the following." A usually hasty recapitulation by the full orchestra ends the movement.

The second movement, written in any slow tempo, closely resembles the corresponding movement of the sonata, but occasionally the variation form is used. The usual song form consists of a principal theme, a second theme of demure quality, and a return to the principal theme involving exact duplication. The solo part is of an extremely florid character, weaving in and out around the orchestra.

The finale of a concerto is mostly in rondo form, consisting of a principal theme and several incidental themes. After the statement of the main theme, each of the secondary melodies is voiced, but there are periodic returns to the chief subject. Mozart often introduced changes of tempo for variation, as in his E flat concerto (Köchel, 271), which has a minuet in the middle of the finale. Short cadenzas were also frequently introduced in the last movement. In Beethoven's concerto in G, Op. 58, there is a pause for the insertion of a cadenza, but there is also the special direction, "The cadenza to be short."

Franz Liszt made radical changes in the classic form by linking together the movements by means of themes running through the entire composition, giving the feeling of one tremendous movement instead of several short ones. Saint-Saëns and Delius have made use of Liszt's form, but other modern composers, such as Dvorak, Grieg, and Bruch, follow the classic pattern still. One of the most amazing twentieth century compositions is a concerto by Arthur Bliss for piano, tenor voice, xylophone and strings. Fortunately such works are sporadic.



# Japan's Propaganda War

BERNICE RICHTER

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945*

EQUALLY AS GRIM AND DETERMINED AS JAPAN'S WAR with material weapons is her psychological war with words. Through the medium of a strong propaganda organization run by three Tokyo agencies—the Army, the Navy, and the Bureau of Information—Japanese leaders attempt to create certain reactions in public opinion.<sup>1</sup> The energies of Japanese propagandists are pointed in three main directions—at the Japanese homeland, elsewhere in Asia, and at non-Axis nations. The Japanese propaganda experts recognize the fact that each of these three groups requires a different psychological approach. And their job consists in finding the right propaganda line for the right group.

The propaganda to the Japanese mainland concerns itself with keeping the Japanese people content and ready for new sacrifices. Thought control is a necessary precaution. There must be no dangerous thoughts. Newspapers, magazines, books, movies, and radio programs are heavily censored, and what finally reaches the Japanese citizen is largely propaganda. Under the Japanese Peace Preservation Law, revised twenty years ago, anyone can be imprisoned if he so much as thinks the Constitution should be altered or that private property is wrong.<sup>2</sup> The general subject of "exterminating hostile ideas" was treated in a June, 1943, issue of *Koron* (Public Affairs). One writer reproved police for dealing too gently with a teacher whose offense was that he dissented from the view that persons holding opinions different from those sanctioned by the government ought to be shot.<sup>3</sup>

The other approach that the Japanese propagandists employ at home is that of constant references to "spiritual power." Here, in twentieth century Japan, is the mystical concept that is such a paradox to her modern ships, guns, and planes. Superstitions, witchcraft, and emperor worship are played upon to arouse in the Japanese people a kind of patriotic nationalism needed to win the war. The Japanese people are assured of the everlasting protection of the gods. They are led to believe that the air over Japan is filled with 800,000 *kami*, or gods, including the spirits of all the emperors, and that all Japanese have *kami* blood in their veins.<sup>4</sup> The shrine of Yasukuni, which contains the ashes of all the Japanese soldiers killed in battle, is of

<sup>1</sup>"Slant-eyed Haw Haw," *Newsweek*, XIX (February 9, 1942), 36.

<sup>2</sup>"Control of H. Jujino," *Fortune*, XXIX (April, 1944), 208.

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 207.

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 157.

prime importance in the promotion and maintenance of civilian morale. The spirits of the dead soldiers are said to become, through such enshrinement, immortal "nation-protecting warrior gods."<sup>5</sup> To the Japanese, Yasukuni is a great inspiration and an eagerly accepted solace.

The "spiritual" condition of the Japanese civilian finds its counterpart in the training of the Japanese soldier. The basic creed in the Army's spiritual training lists the principal soldierly virtues as loyalty, courage, and obedience. In his book *Japan's Military Masters*, Hillis Lory quotes a Japanese military official as saying: "The Imperial Army of Japan attaches more importance to spiritual training than to the art of war. Moral strength is greater than physical force."<sup>6</sup>

General Tojo himself has said: "This great spiritual power . . . is constantly flowing through the veins of 100,000,000 [Japanese]. . . . Because we have this spiritual power . . . unsurpassed by any other nation . . . we will always win."<sup>7</sup> But recently, Japan has not always won, so her propagandists prepare the people for a "spiritual victory." This is a state of thought which will leave them convinced that they have not lost when they actually have. A Tokyo war review home front feature, describing the loss of Kwajalein in February, 1944, called it a "spiritual victory." It said: "In this protracted war it is only natural to experience changes on the fighting fronts. . . . Spiritually speaking, we are winning over the enemy."<sup>8</sup>

This emphasis on "spiritual victories" when material weapons prove ineffective may indicate that the Japanese leaders realize that their chances of victory are fading away. Other evidences of the Japanese psychological groundwork for defeat are the increased use of the emperor as a symbol to rally the people, and the decreased use of the method of notifying families of dead soldiers. The latter is done lest the extent of Japan's casualties be revealed and public grief accumulate to the harm of public morale. Consequently, the Army now enshrines only a portion of its dead at Yasukuni.<sup>9</sup> Also significant is the pessimistic note that has appeared in the propaganda line. "Unless the decisive war-time internal structure is renovated and strengthened," one domestic commentator said, "we shall not be able to nip the enemy's efforts in the bud."<sup>10</sup> Commentators at home have exhorted Japanese girls who are not already working to go into war plants. Said one: "The girls of enemy America make up a third of the employees of the

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 159.

<sup>6</sup>Quoted in John Beaufort, "Japan's Propaganda Front," *Christian Science Monitor*, April 22, 1944, p. 3.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>9</sup>"Control of H. Jujino," *loc. cit.*, p. 159.

<sup>10</sup>Selden C. Menefee, "Japan's Gloomy Home Front," *Nation*, CLVII (November 20, 1943), 585.



Douglas Aircraft Company. When you hear that the hateful Flying For-  
tresses are made by these girls, can you women of Japan remain idle?"<sup>11</sup>  
This new approach may be a ruse to awaken the Japanese people to the  
struggle, and it might also mean that the Japanese realize that the victory  
of the United Nations is imminent.

Elsewhere in Asia, the principal purpose of the Japanese propagandists  
has been to arouse fear, unrest, and hatred for the white man. The Japanese  
have kept in mind the fact that all the Far Eastern countries have, within  
the past century, accepted or had imposed upon them the institutions of  
western civilization as an alien addition to their own traditional cultures and  
that they have all either been subjected by the imperialism of western powers  
or seriously threatened by it in the fairly recent past.<sup>12</sup> The Japanese claim  
that their only interest in the Far East is in "liberating Asia from Western  
Imperialism." According to one official, speaking of the "China Incident,"  
Japan has never invaded China; she has only helped China to drive the  
"aggressors" from Chinese soil.<sup>13</sup>

Stirring slogans are employed by the Japanese to cover up their own  
aggressive intentions—"Anglo-American Imperialists" must be overthrown  
to build "a new decisive structure" in the "Great East Axis Co-Prosperity  
Sphere" and to free East Asia from "white capitalism," for "Asia should be  
for the Asiatics."<sup>14</sup> That is how Japan's ambitions are stated in her propa-  
ganda to the Far East, but the Japanese know that the real meaning of  
"Asia for the Asiatics" is "Asia for the Japanese."

One of Japan's best propaganda weapons in the Far East is the racial  
argument. Our deep South serves the same purpose in anti-American propa-  
ganda as India does in anti-British propaganda.<sup>15</sup> Tokyo attempts to prove  
that we are fighting for the perpetuation of inequalities and race discrimina-  
tion. Our immigration laws are held up before the Chinese and Indians to  
prove our dishonesty in claiming to fight for a free world. The evacuation  
of West Coast Japanese-Americans is referred to frequently. India hears  
wild tales of Japanese-Americans being hacked to pieces by white mobs,  
their houses entered, their women attacked. Race riots and other instances  
of race prejudice in the United States are highlighted in Japanese broad-  
casts. A Manchurian broadcast beamed to Asia summed up the Japanese  
racial propaganda line in one sentence: "Democracy as preached by the  
Anglo-Americans may be an ideal and noble system of life, but democracy

<sup>11</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 584.

<sup>12</sup>M. Carter, "Short Wave Weapon," *Asia*, XLII (April, 1942), 249.

<sup>13</sup>Selden C. Menefee, "What Tokyo Tells the World," *Christian Science Monitor*, De-  
cember 19, 1942, p. 5.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>15</sup>Selden C. Menefee, "Japan's Propaganda War," *Asia*, XLIII (March, 1943), 167.

as practiced by the Anglo-Americans is stained with the bloody guilt of racial persecutions and exploitation."<sup>16</sup>

Another device the Japanese propagandists employ is the appeal to nationalism through the exploitation of symbols and personalities which already have some following in the Far Eastern countries. In China, the distinguished Chinese traitor, Wang Ching Wei, has been hired by the Japanese to head the "Chinese Government" of China.<sup>17</sup> In Thailand, Premier Luang Pibul Songgram is publicized as the spiritual leader of the country, and posters appear showing the Thai Premier and General Tojo exchanging salutations. In the Philippines, the Japanese trade on the reputation of General Emilio Aguinaldo, aged hero-patriot, although experts on the Philippines doubt that he has been cooperating with the invaders.<sup>18</sup> True or not, the use of his name is undoubtedly effective propaganda.

The Japanese go in heavily for the picture and cartoon variety of propaganda in the Far East. Many posters are extremely clever in their use of words to describe opposites. In China, a poster attempting to break down Chinese national patriotism shows a peaceful Chinese family scene in a country field with the message that life is simple and what is the use of a government. Another poster reads, "Growing New China makes the heaven and earth always bright and prosperous."<sup>19</sup> The Japanese have pictures to show that a few minutes after batches of handbills are dropped over China, not one remains in sight. The Chinese run and pick them up and appear to be very amused. The real reason for the enthusiasm of the Chinese, says M. C. Ford, is that paper is one of the things the Chinese don't have much of, and the Japanese "paper-raids" come in handy.<sup>20</sup>

Every occupied country in Asia has its "Cultural Relations Commission" because the Japanese are purportedly apostles of culture—as long as it includes only things Japanese or pro-Japanese. The "Cultural Relations Commissions" release such titles as "What We Should Learn from Japan."<sup>21</sup>

Japan does not omit the religious appeal in her propaganda to the Far East. She realizes its importance to the people of Asia. Japanese forces were instructed to make friends with the Bhuddist monks when they moved into Burma. They managed to have the ceremony of the signing of a pact between Japan and Thailand take place in the chapel of the Emerald Bhudda in Bangkok. In the Philippines, the appeals to Catholicism are a principal weapon. The initiation of diplomatic relations between Japan and the Vatican

<sup>16</sup>Selden C. Menefee, "Japan's Racial War," *Nation*, CLVI (February 6, 1943), 203.

<sup>17</sup>"Propaganda by Japanese Puppets," *Life*, IX (September 30, 1940), 58.

<sup>18</sup>Menefee, "Japan's Propaganda War," 168.

<sup>19</sup>"Propaganda by Japanese Puppets," *loc. cit.*, p. 60.

<sup>20</sup>M. C. Ford, "Jap Propaganda Amuses the Chinese," *Colliers*, CX (October 17, 1942), 17.

<sup>21</sup>Menefee, "Japan's Propaganda War," 169.



is used as proof of official Catholic approval. Catholic bishops and authorities are quoted as favoring the "New Order in East Asia."<sup>22</sup>

Unfortunately for the Allied cause, Japanese propaganda in Asia has succeeded in convincing a considerable group of Asiatics that whatever the hardships entailed by Japanese occupation, these are preferable to race discrimination imposed by the white man.

Among the non-Axis countries, the Japanese propagandists seek to foster uneasiness, suspicion, and mutual distrust. In the United States, in particular, they are following the strategy of "divide and conquer." They hope to disrupt our national unity and split us away from our Allies. They have tried to drive a wedge between the United States and Latin America. Isolationism is encouraged and attempts are made to convince us that Japan has no designs on the Western Hemisphere, that we have no moral right to intervene in Asia, and that, in any case, we cannot possibly defeat Japan. Whenever possible, American historians and statesmen are quoted to prove their points.

Radio broadcasts are one of the principal propaganda devices the Japanese employ. The Japanese radio broadcasts that reach us are similar to our own programs. They consist of news reports, music, playlets, talks, and lectures. But whereas our stations hope to sell us soaps and breakfast foods, the Japanese stations hope to sell us a point of view. The news of the programs is a mixture of threats, bogus stories, and extravagant claims. In its efforts to attract a United States audience, Tokyo has developed the trick of broadcasting names of United States prisoners and personal messages. Because the prisoners are not trusted to speak directly to America, their messages are transcribed and edited. The prisoners are forced to say they are well-treated. American officers, when they have been required to say something flattering about Japan, have produced some meaningless masterpieces. One officer, for instance, said only, "Whenever I hear the schoolchildren at play across the street, I think of my own dear little Patsy. It is gratifying to realize that schoolchildren are the same the world over."<sup>23</sup>

Japan is always happy to find useful mouthpieces in the United States to carry on her propaganda. In September, 1942, two Americans and one British subject were arrested and convicted on the charge of failing to register with the State Department as agents of a foreign government. They confessed that the Japanese had agreed to back their publication, *The Living Age*, if they in turn would print at least one article a month favorable to Tokyo, and occasionally publish material ground out by the Japanese officials

<sup>22</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 168.

<sup>23</sup>"Japs Use U. S. Prisoners for Propaganda," *Life*, XIII (September 14, 1942), 26.

at the Consulate.<sup>24</sup> The Japanese also attempt to incite United States Negroes against their government. Three pro-Japan Negro organizations have been uncovered in Chicago. In New York, December, 1942, four leaders of the "Ethiopian Pacific Movement" were convicted of sedition and conspiracy to commit sedition.<sup>25</sup>

As far as the United States is concerned, however, most American experts in propaganda agree that the number of people who are affected directly by Japanese propaganda is not great, although their potentiality for trouble is. Director Lloyd A. Free, of the Foreign Broadcast Monitoring Service, has stated that the real danger of Japanese propaganda is "that it serves as a model for propaganda circulated by agents and sympathizers on the spot—whispering campaigns, pamphlets, platform speeches and the like. Thus it reaches a secondary audience whose proportions cannot be determined."<sup>26</sup>

Herein lies the difference between the effect of Japanese propaganda in the United States and Latin America. In Latin America, experts agree, propaganda hits nearer the center of the target. The dominant line that the Japanese propagandists employ here is that the "colossus of the North" is gobbling up the Latin American economy and that the good neighbor policy is simply a blind for Yankee imperialism. President Roosevelt is vilified as a power-mad war-monger. The United States is depicted as being under anti-Catholic influences and as having ominous designs of destroying Catholicism throughout the world. Japanese invasions have been sold as holy crusades for the preservation of the faith. The Japanese appeal to Catholics is very effective, since Latin Americans are predominately Catholic. It is this line of religious appeal that our own propagandists find most difficult to combat.

The Japanese have proved their skill on the battlefield. In this, their propaganda war, they are an enemy no less dangerous and cunning. The job of undoing the danger that Japanese propaganda has caused must be fought in kind, with words, and supplemented by deeds.

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## Neutrality—The Only Course for Eire

MURIEL BURKE

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1944-1945*

ONE RELATIVELY MINOR POINT WHICH IS BEING heatedly discussed is Eire's stand of strict neutrality. Eire has refused to give aid to the United Nations. She also has refused to help Germany or any other enemy nation. Under the strong, able hand of Eamon De Valera the Irish Free State is sailing through these very troubled times under what seems to be a very dangerous policy.

What moral right has Eire to take this rigid stand? Should she yield to the demands of the side with which she is most sympathetic? Surely she wishes to see defeated the forces that are against the principles the "fighting Irish" are famous for. This is the only side of the issue most of us see in our arguments against the Irish inaction in this war.

Justifiable as this stand seems, there is another side to the question. If we can only look impartially at the situation Eire is in, we can clearly see the reasons for her present attitude.

Ireland is a small nation, geographically located twenty miles west of England. The bases that would so ably serve the United Nations would be even more beneficial to Germany. The Nazis, who need only the faintest shadow of an excuse to invade, would be very glad to seize upon any aid to the United Nations as a break of neutrality. There are only two courses open to Eire. One of them is to allow England's army to fortify the coast and England's navy to patrol the surrounding waters. The other course is to be sure Germany never has the necessary shadow of an excuse. Ireland

struggled against English domination for seven hundred years. It is not reasonable for her to give up any of her newly won independence while there is any alternative.

True, it is possible for either England or the United States to overcome Eire's small army and her two-ship navy. But it would be awkward for either of these two nations to explain such invasion in the light of one of the chief principles of the Atlantic Charter. This principle involves the right of small nations to exist. One of the chief causes of blame against Germany is her invasion of whatever small country it is to her political or military advantage to invade.

Any trade regulation, any partiality to one nation's envoy to another nation's disadvantage, any refusal to harbor refugees, any persecution of these refugees—in short, any favoring one side and discrediting of the other side is considered a breach of neutrality as defined by International Law. Most of the attacks against Eire have been made because she refused to give up certain naval bases and because she would not refuse to harbor political refugees. Yet she could do neither without bringing herself under the attack of whatever country her action would harm.

England's army is full of Irishmen who, as individuals, have enlisted in the fight for decency. But these same Irish soldiers in Britain's army would defend any attack upon Eire's right to determine her own political and economic advantage. And in the light of ultimate freedom for small nations their stand seems justifiable.

## I Liked That Place

BEVERLY HAFFERMAN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 1, 1944-1945*

BLOOD RUSHED FROM THE GASH RUTH HAD JUST RECEIVED from a baseball bat! The little fellow who had hit her turned a sickly green and sat on the ground; I tried helplessly to support her when Eckie's voice cut through the panic we had aroused.

"Put her in a car, and let's take her to the doctor. My gosh! Can't you kids see she's bleeding; that thing needs stitches—C'mon!"

We filed into the car like robots; Wendell got behind the wheel; and it seemed to hit all of us, suddenly, that we were four miles from a doctor's office; and that cut was bleeding terribly. I shall never forget that ride to



the doctor's! The car tore up the road; and we swayed from one side to another. I was sitting in the back holding a rag over Ruth's head with nothing to watch but the coloring of the rag, and the blood slowly moving down her face and my arm.

We pulled up to the office the same instant the doctor's car arrived, and I felt limp with relief. The boys exchanged worried words with the doctor,—I heard Harold tell him it was pretty bad. When he told us to bring her in, we helped her out of the car as if she were a china doll. Ruth, who hated to be babied, greatly resented that soft treatment.

We brought her into the office and helped her onto the cot. Harold took one long look at her white face smeared with blood and retired to the waiting room. Wendell, Eckie, and I decided to stay—I had to hold her hand. Except for the doctor's one-word commands to his nurse, things were very quiet in the office. Since the door was open, we could hear conversation in the waiting room. All of us concentrated on the conversation because not one of us was really able to watch the actual stitching.

After Harold's departure we heard him sit down rather abruptly and remain quiet for several minutes. Then the real glamor of the situation must have hit him because he began to tell what had happened.

"The kid swang the bat right into her. She stood there and didn't know what had happened. I ran up to her and pushed a rag over the cut; you could've wrung blood out of it in a couple of minutes. Then I told Wendell to start the car, and we brought her in to the doctor's."

"Where are the rest of the kids?"

"I don't know. I guess they're in there. I had to have a smoke. I guess the doctor can manage all right."

In spite of the seriousness we felt, Wendell, Eckie, and I smiled. The street door opened as someone entered the waiting room. Harold's voice again.

"Say, you know Ruth Haferman, don't you? She just got hit with a baseball bat; knocked her flat. I saw that she was brought to the doctor's because one look at that dent, and I knew it had to be stitched. She'll be marked for life—boy, I'll bet Thompson feels plenty awful! He hit her. He couldn't even stand to look at it."

Eckie poked me, and we knew there would be no limit to Harold's tale now. It got bloodier with each opening of the door, until I had to look at Ruth's face to gain assurance. He had my poor sister nearly dead!

The stitches were in, and we left. The rest of us felt jellyish, but Harold was raring to go—until he saw the bloody bandage.

Harold fainted! I took Ruth into the car and the boys carried Harold back into the office. I was beginning to like that place.

# Hidden Memories

JANE BUESCHER

*Rhetoric I, Book Report, 1944-1945*

COLONEL LANSER HAD KNOWING EYES. HE DIDN'T have the customary blank expression that the soldiers of the invading army wore. He was middle-aged, slightly gray, hard-looking. He had the bearing of a soldier, but his eyes were different.

In Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down*, the commander of the invaders represented the author's idea of a typical German leader in his second offensive struggle. Lanser was not the blind, inhuman officer that his colleagues were. He was tired from lack of sleep and numerous worries, but he remembered the Belgium and France of twenty years before. He knew what war is.

But even Colonel Lanser realized that he was a soldier with a job to do. He tried to put from his mind the horrors, the costly mistakes, the treachery, the suffering, the futility. Over and over he attempted to convince himself that his task was merely to follow orders, that this war would be different. Colonel Lanser was a curious mixture of a man with a mistaken idea of democracy, a man who believed in his cause, a sympathetic leader, and a man with knowledge of the worth-while things in the world.

In his talks with the representatives of the conquered people, Lanser seemed to be a true leader from a nation where duty to country, blind obedience, absolutism, and insignificance of individuals have been drilled into the minds of the people. From all outward appearance, he had no idea of the true meaning of democracy. When the mayor of the conquered town said that people would not like an order of the Colonel, the latter replied, "Always the people! The people are disarmed. The people have no say." He did not realize that under the democratic system the people act together as a unified authority.

Colonel Lanser's belief in the physical power of his country never flinched as he talked to the conquered men. He told them that resistance was foolish and that it caused needless bloodshed. On the surface, he seemed to believe this point of view, but in conferences with his subordinate officers he showed definite signs of being skeptical. Beneath his veneer of assuredness, he couldn't help remembering Belgium and France. When, in private quarters, his officers boasted of mastery of the land, the Colonel reminded them that the enemy was still in the world. He recalled what the others forgot. In trying to instill this same feeling in his men, he said, "Defeat



is a momentary thing. A defeat doesn't last. We were defeated and now we attack. Defeat means nothing. Can't you understand that?"

Once one of Lanser's men dared to insinuate that he was afraid. The leader, remembering scenes and people that were not good to remember, made the significant remark, "I'm tired of people who have not been at war who know all about it." All the officers were more restrained, more resourceful, than their men, but deep within their souls lurked the same fears, strains, weaknesses. The sound of enemy airplanes cracked their spirits within, but on the outside they remained confident.

At times, Colonel Lanser admitted to himself the shortcomings of his superiors. He found himself hoping frantically that the Leader actually knew how soldiers felt. He had no choice but to obey his orders, even though the high command didn't seem to realize what he gradually came to know—that the conquered nation was not made up of stupid people. "I'm a good, loyal man," he once said, "but sometimes when I hear the brilliant ideas of headquarters, I wish I were a civilian, an old, crippled civilian."

Regardless of his personal feelings about the conduct of the war, and war itself, Colonel Lanser showed remarkable qualities of leadership toward his men. He knew how they felt; he had been under the same pressure twenty years before, and it was not something he could forget. He tried to make them see, as he did, that there are no friendly people, no peaceful country, when homes and lives of families are at stake. He wanted them to realize their own inabilities, but he also had the capacity to project himself into their places.

Lanser could relax when he talked to his men. He was quick to see the humor in a situation, and his chuckle often put the officers at ease. He was as ready to praise as he was to reprimand. He demanded respect when he thought it was necessary but usually dispensed with formality. His greatest attribute as a leader was his readiness to grasp a situation, diagnose it, and act accordingly. He knew each of his men so intimately that he could easily help them overcome their misgivings. When asked why he was rough on one of the officers, he explained, "I had to be. He's frightened. I know his kind. He has to be disciplined when he's afraid or he'll go to pieces. He relies on discipline the way other men rely on sympathy." When Lanser's men became sullen or belligerent, he often knew what was troubling them before they expressed their troubles. In several kind and well-chosen words, he doctored up war-shattered minds and gave assurance to his men.

Because of prevalent propaganda, we are apt to regard the invading soldier as a beast having no characteristics of a human being. The characterization of Colonel Lanser dispels this theory, for even he has regard for the manly courtesies of life. When forced to execute a man of the conquered city, he felt genuinely sorry and expressed his sympathy by giving the victim

freedom to speak his mind before he went to his death. In the concluding chapter of the book he also showed an appreciation and knowledge of literature.

He was a man of suppressed memories. He, alone of the officers, had the ability to see beyond the conquering and slaughtering which was his job. Colonel Lanser had knowing eyes. He had the bearing of a soldier, but his eyes were different.

## Into the Storm

RICHARD SHIFRIN

*Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945*

IT WAS A BITTER NOVEMBER NIGHT THAT I STEPPED into as I left the warm house. From the inky-black sky above a chilling rain was falling. The icy droplets were being whipped by a piercing wind, which rattled the windows of the houses and whistled with an unearthly sound through the barren trees standing like gaunt skeletons. By the dim yellowish light of a solitary street lamp, I could make out the naked branches outstretched to the heavens, with an occasional dead brown leaf remaining as a vestige of summer foliage. Below the gnarled old trunks, the twisted roots could be seen clinging tenaciously to their hold in the frozen soil. The group was covered with a coating of cold, muddy slime stirred up by the rain; it would be frozen solid and covered with frost well before morning.

The sidewalks and street, beaten clean by the rain of everything except several muddy footprints left by the few persons with the hardihood to venture out on such a night, and dotted with little puddles into which the raindrops splashed as they fell, were practically deserted. At infrequent intervals, an automobile came dashing over the rain-swept pavement, its headlights gleaming like those of some nocturnal monster. Even more rarely, I could discern the shadowy silhouette of an unusually bold pedestrian looming up out of the murky gloom; looking closely, I could notice his head bent forward into the blast of the wind and could hear above the weather the shrill whistling with which he attempted to keep up his spirits on this wild night.

As the mournful whistle of the midnight train drifted through the storm, I forced my mind away from the squares of bright yellow light shining through the windows and the thoughts of warmth and shelter they suggest. Turning up my collar in a hopeless attempt to protect myself against the biting wind, I set out on my lonely tramp through the night.



# Country—Sunday Morning

JANE BUESCHER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 2, 1944-1945*

THE PEOPLE SQUINTED AS THE SUNLIGHT BROUGHT back a sense of reality to their stiff bodies and dulled minds. There were a few who walked down the church steps with renewed vigor and resolution, but Mr. Wagner, the preacher, had not put enough zest into his sermon to inspire the majority of his congregation.

After the service was over, the day itself did much toward arousing the spirits of the country folk. The summer had not yet reached that still stage when branches cease to quiver, the air hangs like black velvet, and conversation is carried on in muffled tones. A soft breeze crackled the Sunday School papers, and Grandma Barrett put on her jacket.

The congregation always stood around in the churchyard and talked following the benediction. If Mrs. Koenig should find it necessary to go home and fry the chicken before her husband had talked to his friends, the farmer would consider his day incomplete. The church bell clanged once, filling the air with its vibration, and then again, again, again. In tight bunches gathered women of varied ages—some had attended school together fifty years before but still delighted in sharing confidences. Farmers, their leathery faces and hands protruding from neatly-pressed suits, discussed the need for rain. Near a gnarled elm stood a scattered group of little girls taking care that their clothes did not become soiled. One tiny blonde, who was the proud possessor of new patent leather slippers from Kixmiller's General Store, would stoop down and dust them every few minutes with a crumpled white handkerchief. A group of high school girls gazed admiringly at Joe Miller's boy, who had a fourteen-day leave from the Navy. Most of the fellows from Freelandville had joined the Army.

But it was the multitude of little boys that least noticed their change in attire. To them it did not matter that their calloused feet were clad in Oxfords, that their ears were scrubbed clean, that they wore Sunday suits in place of sweaty overalls. Unlike the legendary urban youth, they didn't stand in a corner and shift their weight from one foot to the other. They laughed and they shouted. They tripped each other, and they whistled at the older girls. These future farmers, who worked in the fields with the men all week, took time to be children.

Then others were laughing, planning, arguing. The people were becoming accustomed to the sound of the bell. Mr. Grabbe began to crank his model T, and the motor hesitantly started, then shook the car so violently

that Mrs. Grabbe almost flew out. The crowd thinned somewhat, as several families crossed the road and drove from the field that served as a parking place.

The cars began to leave more steadily, and a few men started trudging up the hill toward town. The last car to go turned into the cemetery lane; white gravel crunched beneath the tires. The church bell pealed three more times; then all was still.

The sexton slowly pulled shut the heavy church door and shuffled down the dusty road.

## Adelaide M.

LOIS RUDNIK

*Rhetoric I, Theme 6, 1944-1945*

MISS ADELAIDE M. WATKINS, INSTRUCTOR OF English and supervisor of the school newspaper, is one of the most picturesque individuals on the faculty of Tohee Township High School. She is short and dumpy, with small, colorless eyes set close together in a round, wrinkled face. Her graying hair is short and curly, and she often runs her pudgy fingers through it so that it stands on end. She is careless about her clothes: her dresses are often ill-fitting, and their colors are seldom harmonious. Miss Watkins is proud of her posture. She steps briskly through the halls, her head up and her shoulders back, her hair shaking from the force of her walking. Because most of her weight is concentrated above her waist, she sometimes resembles a top-heavy sailing vessel scudding along before a high wind.

Miss Watkins has a reputation for eccentricity, and she does her best to live up to it. She is admired by high school journalism instructors throughout the state for her superior teaching ability, business acumen, faculty for criticism, and capacity for hard work. She is also known for her cleverness, brilliant sarcasm, and ability to project herself. She believes in teaching by surprise. When asked by the assistant news-writing teacher to explain something to his class, she bursts into the room, states in a few terse sentences the information which the man has been trying to put across for the entire hour, crisply exclaims, "God bless you, my children!" sets her lips in a thin, straight line, and vanishes with a sharp click of the door.

Nothing pleases her so much as a well-written theme or a newspaper article showing signs of originality or creativeness. She likes to read aloud and often submits her classes to the slow torture of her cracked voice and

exaggerated, dramatic emphases. She is proud of her ability to produce a good newspaper, and is never reticent about telling the staff members its faults, and other people, its merits.

A streak of childishness in Miss Watkins' nature mars her character. She is absurdly sensitive, and sulks for days if her staff forgets about her birthday. Her favorite students can do no wrong, while those she dislikes can justify their existence only by writing good themes. She is often tactless and needlessly insulting when she intends only to live up to her reputation for eccentricity. Something about Miss Watkins leads one to think she may be covering up feelings of inferiority by determinedly maneuvering for the limelight. She works hard for attention, and often tells her troubles to her favorite students, mutely demanding sympathy.

The student members of the newspaper staff show a variable regard for her. The newer reporters look up to her with awe, worshipping her almost as they would a goddess. She holds their literary futures in her hands, and to them she is a supreme being. The older students know her better; they have seen her faults as well as her virtues. To them she is known familiarly as "Addie." They mentally disagree with all she says, and it is fashionable to dislike "Adelaide M."

Most people who are closely associated with Miss Watkins admire the woman, no matter how often they alternately despise, admire, hate, respect, and fear her. The dynamic force of her personality cannot be ignored, and one must respect her boundless energy. I worked with Miss Watkins for years, sometimes loving her, often hating her. Although it is easier to think kindly of her when she is at a distance, she will always remain one of the most unforgettable characters I have ever known.

## The Common Bond

Shriek . . . a shrill, sharp blast pierced the air. Two seconds later masses of scurrying people hurried toward the outskirts of the town. Their goal was the hills beyond that rose majestically out of the horizon and seemingly offered protective covering.

Quietly and solemnly the crowd gathered in the caves called air raid shelters. Each entered and nodded mechanically to those around him; each took his place against the walls; and each began to feel himself strengthened by a common fate.

The ominous roaring and purring of far-off engines brought instant silence. Everyone groped for someone else's hand, hopefully seeking and drawing courage and energy from human contact.

As each thunderous blast shook the earth, the walls of the cave trembled and the crowd pressed closer. Then, just when the strain seemed about to snap, the welcome gong sounded the "all-clear."

The crowd filed slowly out and again each nodded to his neighbors, a nod of understanding and gratitude.—BETTY LEE SING



# The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra

CAROLINE A. BARRETT

*Rhetoric II, Theme 12, 1944-1945*

IT HAS OFTEN BEEN SAID THAT THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC was the world's finest orchestra. Perhaps this is true—who can say? It is true that Germany has produced the world's greatest musicians. And as a center of German culture since late mediaeval times, Vienna had for centuries occupied an influential place in the musical life of Europe. Haydn as a boy was a chorister in Vienna's St. Stephen's. Schubert was born in Vienna, Mozart lived there, and Beethoven gained his fame when he came from Bonn to the Austrian capital. Both Czerny and Otto Nicolai were Viennese, and Brahms lived there for thirty-four years.<sup>1</sup> The orchestra certainly had excellent musicians. The members were recruited from the Kaiserliche and Königliche Hofoperntheater, with only a few artists from elsewhere hired to complete the sections.<sup>2</sup>

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was great need for music in Vienna. The great lords had about played out their parts as patrons, and their small orchestras were by no means up to the new music. The new music itself had appealed to the people, but it seems that no one had thought to organize an adequate orchestra to present the great symphonies. It certainly did not bother the Beethoven fans, or anyone for that matter, that there was no great organization to interpret the music. Beethoven's and Mozart's works were performed by well-meaning dilettanti. The playing of the orchestras was confused at best—it is improbable that much thought was given to the music. A concert was entered into with a spirit of adventure; it was a gay affair in which almost anything could happen.<sup>3</sup>

In Thayer's biography of Beethoven there is a description of the first performance of the Ninth Symphony, which Beethoven himself conducted. Or, rather, he beat time and turned the pages of his score. Beethoven was stone deaf, and the orchestra (all of seventy-five players) had been instructed to take its cues from the concertmaster. At the end of the scherzo the audience burst into applause, but Beethoven stood, still turning the pages of his score, until a friend turned him around to bow. Imagine what the performance must have been like, despite the applause. To grasp the musical standards of Beethoven's time, picture a first performance of a new symphony by a great modern composer at which a deaf man is placed on the conductor's stand. The average concert of today has a perfection and a

<sup>1</sup>"Vienna," *The Encyclopaedia Americana*, 1943 Edition, V. 28.

<sup>2</sup>Heinrich von Kralik, *Die Wiener Philharmoniker* (Vienna, 1938), p. 20.

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 11.

beauty that would have been inconceivable to an eighteenth-century audience. The great masters never really heard the works which we take for granted.<sup>4</sup>

It was the Beethoven symphonies which were responsible for the organization of Vienna's great orchestra. Otto Nicolai, conductor of the Vienna Opera Orchestra, founded the Vienna Philharmonic Society in 1842 for the purpose of giving adequate performances in Vienna of the Beethoven symphonies. The first concert was presented on the Monday after Easter, March 28, 1842, in the grand Redouten-Saale in which Beethoven had conducted the out-of-tune woodwinds, raucous brasses, and dreary strings of the orchestras of his day.<sup>5</sup> The first program:

Beethoven: Seventh Symphony in A

Cherubini: Aria from "Faniska"

Beethoven: "Ah perfido, spergiuero!"

#### INTERMISSION

Beethoven: Third "Leonore" Overture

Mozart: "Non temer, amato bene"

16th Cen. Melody: "La Romanesca"

Cherubini: Duet from "Medea"

Beethoven: Overture "Consecration of the House"

The orchestra was, of course, conducted by Nicolai.<sup>6</sup>

For many years the Philharmonic concerts were highly irregular affairs, resting solely on the initiative of men like Nicolai and Professor Hellmesberger (director of the opera after Nicolai's death). Not until January 15, 1860, was the first subscription concert given, with Karl Eckert conducting. The season consisted of eight subscription concerts and one special concert for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund.<sup>7</sup>

During its entire history the Vienna Philharmonic Society remained truly "philharmonic." The members did not earn their livelihood from the concerts—they were all either members of the opera orchestra or professors at the Conservatory. The concerts were a monument to the members' love of music. Conductors led the orchestra by invitation only—no manager closed the deal in his office. And in the course of time virtually every great name in the history of conducting led the Philharmonic.<sup>8</sup>

The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra's first great era began in 1875, when Hans Richter succeeded Franz Jauner as director of the opera and leader of the Philharmonic concerts. Richter had been a chorister in the Court Chapel in Vienna, and was one of the most richly gifted and most experienced of

<sup>4</sup>Deems Taylor, *Of Men and Music* (New York, 1938), p. 70.

<sup>5</sup>Heinrich von Kralik, *op. cit.*, p. 16.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, plate facing page 20.

<sup>7</sup>"Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra," *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, Revised Edition, 5.

<sup>8</sup>Richard von Perger, *Denkschrift*, 1910.

conductors. His interpretation of Wagner and Brahms was supreme.<sup>9</sup> Because he was such an outstanding Wagnerian, there was some anxiety that he might depart from the conservative traditions of the Philharmonic Society. Such anxiety was groundless, however, and Richter's regime was an outstanding period. His first concert in 1875 and his last concert in 1898 featured Beethoven's great "Eroica" Symphony.<sup>10</sup>

During the Richter era, the Brahms-Bruckner conflict arose and subsided. In March, 1863, Brahms himself led the orchestra in his first Serenade, following an argument in which Dessoff (conductor from 1860 to 1875) drove his baton through the score and stormed out of the rehearsal. When Brahms undertook the rehearsal he calmed the orchestra with the following short speech: "Sie haben mein Werk abgelehnt und ich kann Ihnen nur sagen, wenn Sie Vergleiche mit Beethoven ziehen wollen: eine solche Höhe wird nicht mehr erreicht werden. Aber mein Werk ist hervorgegangen aus meiner besten künstlerischen Überzeugung. Vielleicht werden Sie doch sehen, dass es nicht ganz unwert ist, von Ihnen gespielt zu werden."<sup>11</sup> In November, 1873, Brahms directed the orchestra in the premiere of his Haydn Variations. Under Richter's baton came the first performances of the Second and Third Symphonies.

Richard Wagner led the Philharmonic on several occasions; one of the most notable performances was that of May 12, 1872. The Program:

Beethoven: Eroica

#### INTERMISSION

Wagner: Overture and Venusberg Music, "Tannhäuser"

Wagner: Prelude and Liebestod, "Tristan und Isolde"

Wagner: Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Music, "Die Walküre"

Following Hans Richter, came Gustav Mahler in the fall of 1898. By unremitting zeal and tireless enthusiasm he brought the Viennese opera and symphony orchestra to a high state of perfection, but the strenuous work which he exacted from all earned him the title of "tyrant" and made him many enemies. Mahler began his reign, like Hans Richter, with the "Eroica." At that concert, his imperious nature was already evident: late comers were left outside locked doors, and those who attempted to leave after the scherzo of the "Eroica" were foiled as Mahler gave the signal for the finale's tumultuous intrata immediately.

<sup>9</sup>"Hans Richter," *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Eleventh Edition, V. 23.

<sup>10</sup>Heinrich von Kralik, *op. cit.*, p. 39.

<sup>11</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 32. You have spurned my composition, and I can say to you only that when you make comparison with Beethoven, such heights will never again be attained. Yet my work was produced from my sincerest artistic conviction. Perhaps, indeed, you will see that it is not entirely unworthy of performance.



Felix von Weingartner, who became conductor of the opera and philharmonic in 1908, did not have a particularly happy career. He said that taking of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra post had caused him many disappointments. Never before had a conductor been welcomed with such sincerity, but Weingartner felt the people disliked him.<sup>12</sup> Nevertheless, only Weingartner could have been able to return the orchestra to the age of Dessoff and Richter, and the philharmonic concerts rose to unequalled heights under his direction from 1908 to 1927. Professor Burghauser (former first oboist and president of the Philharmonic Society) claims that Weingartner had no equal as a conductor of Beethoven, though he had shortcomings in the modern idioms. Columbia Masterworks has recorded all of the Beethoven symphonies with Weingartner conducting, and only Toscanini performances can approach the incomparable Weingartner readings of these symphonies.

During the twenties and thirties, the list of Philharmonic conductors included—besides Weingartner—Richard Strauss, Franz Schalk, Wilhelm Furtwängler, Willem Mengelberg, Klemens Krauss, Hans Knappertsbusch, Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, Erich Kleiber, and Arturo Toscanini—to mention only the most celebrated names.

Tours were given all over Europe, and in 1922 the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra made a concert tour of South America. Austria, at that time, was in danger of being swallowed up by larger nations; so, although Vienna missed her magnificent orchestra, the sacrifice was greatly compensated for by the goodwill gained in America. Weingartner himself made all of the arrangements. Performances were given at the Teatro Municipal in Rio de Janeiro, the Teatro Solis in Montevideo, and the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires. The tour lasted three months, and everywhere the performances were great triumphs.<sup>13</sup> In Buenos Aires the Philharmonic presented Wagner's "Ring" operas with such famous singers as Lotte Lehmann, Helene Wildbrunn, and Alice Mertens. Serious German music was accepted with understanding in South America, and the newspapers were especially enthusiastic.<sup>14</sup>

As the orchestra had every reason to be satisfied with the artistic as well as the material success of the trip, another tour was arranged the next year. Walto Mocchi and Arthur Hohenberg made plans this time, for Weingartner did not go on this journey. Richard Strauss was the conductor, and the Strauss works had first place on the programs. Armin Tyroler, then oboist of the Vienna Philharmonic, wrote a colorful travelogue which he presented in Vienna after the tour. He told the story of the orchestra's playing a con-

<sup>12</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 78.

<sup>13</sup>C. F. Pohl, *Festschrift* (Leipzig, 1925), p. 61.

<sup>14</sup>Heinrich von Kralik, *op. cit.*, p. 85.

cert in Bahia although the conductor, Richard Strauss, had already sailed for home. Professor Wunderer was elected to conduct the orchestra. Wunderer, mistaken for Strauss, received such a tremendous ovation that he and his colleagues could not bear to disillusion the audience by telling them that the marvelous performance was led by Wunderer instead of the famous Richard Strauss.<sup>15</sup>

In later years, the Vienna Philharmonic Society began the custom of awarding the title "Honor Member" to outstanding conductors, soloists, and patrons. Five conductors achieved this honor: Weingartner, Richard Strauss, Furtwängler, Walter, and Toscanini. Richard Mayr, who for decades sang the great bass solo part in every performance of the Beethoven "Ninth," Elisabeth Schumann, Lotte Lehmann, Emil von Sauer, and Wilhelm Backhaus were soloists awarded the title. Only one member of the orchestra held an "honor-membership": Arnold Rose, the patriarch of the Orchestra. In 1881 he entered as a violin player. In 1884 he was second concertmaster, and following Jacob Grün's death, he became first concertmaster—a position he held until the end, in 1938.

The Philharmonic's subscription concerts were continued without interruption until the sixteenth of January, 1938, at which concert Bruno Walter conducted Mahler's Ninth Symphony. The concert scheduled for the twentieth of February was cancelled because of the Nazi unrest. In March the Nazis arrived and the old Philharmonic Society broke up. The Nazis have continued to hold "Philharmonic" concerts, having collected enough additional musicians to replace the Jews who were released and the members who could not tolerate the new rulers. Those who remained with the orchestra are the true musicians who refused to allow political situations to concern them. Hugo Burghauser is now in this country, as is Friedlander, who plays with the Pro Arte Quartet. Hans Knappertsbusch is supposed to have conducted the Nazi concerts for some time. Though he was not in sympathy with the Nazis, he had a tremendous personal following which they could not alienate. Willem Furtwängler conducts the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and, quite possibly, some of the Vienna concerts also.

There may never be another orchestra with the grand traditions of the Vienna Philharmonic Society. Although we shall probably have finer orchestras in the future, the old orchestra members live in the glory of their past and remember the words from "Palestrina": "We are the descendants of those who were educated by Beethoven. Above the sound of our orchestra Brahms and Bruckner wrote their symphonies. Great composers and conductors have taught and led us. But we know that the roots of our strength lie in our native city, Vienna."

<sup>15</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 86.

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# Rejuvenate the ASTRP

Pvt. CALVIN RYAN

*A.S.T. English 62, Theme 9, 1944-1945*

THE ASTRP AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS IS TURNING, or shall I say has turned, out to be a big joke. As far as most of the teachers and civilian students are concerned, the ASTRP is composed of a group of so-called "dummies," or "kids" of seventeen years. I am strongly in favor of revising the ASTRP, so that the teachers and especially the civilian college students would look up to anyone who is in the program.

The first step toward revision would be to make the qualifying test much more difficult. There are entirely too many men in the Army program who should still be in high school. If the qualifying test were made harder, the Army would then have the "cream of the crop," and a goal might be made for those who complete the course successfully.

My second step toward revision of the program would be to raise and set a certain grade standard. What good is a man going to be to the Army if he gets all "D's" in college? One-fourth of the students here get "D's" in two or three classes a semester. Therefore I believe that a student who is in the ASTRP should be compelled to make a "C" average.

My last step toward revising the ASTRP would be to require strict discipline at all times. Have you ever noticed how the ASTRP boys march on the campus? They walk along whistling at girls, making wisecracks at civilians and fellow men—and all out of step too. I've often wondered whether the ASTR's are boy scouts or soldiers. I'm sure that if the Army made them march in military fashion, the University of Illinois would really be proud of its ASTRP unit.

If all three of my suggestions were enforced, I'm confident that the college students and teachers would look up to anyone in the ASTRP, and it would be an honor to be chosen to go to college under the Army's supervision. And any student who attended college under the Army would be a greater asset to the Army, to his country, and most of all, to himself.



# "Powder Monkey" in an Office\*

JUNE NIXON

*Rhetoric I, Theme 5, 1944-1945*

HE WAS AN OLD MAN, WITH PALE, RHEUMY EYES AND a three-day stubble of white beard on his martyred, bovine face. On his unkempt white head he wore an ancient hunting cap that no longer pretended to possess color, and on his frail shoulders hung an old Mackinaw, so dirty its plaid was no longer distinguishable; his trousers seemed to be stiff with grease and grime, and his shoes (safety shoes, furnished by the company) were apparently the only durable things he owned.

"Yes, sir?" I asked, with a minimum of politeness and a maximum of patience and waited for him to find words with which to state his business.

"This the *in*-shar'nce office?" he queried huskily and with pseudo-timidty. In his near-sighted old eyes gleamed an innate suspicion of all stenographers, and his mouth, weakened with age, curled down at the corners in stubborn defiance.

"Yes, sir," I stated and waited again.

"I been off sick."

"You want to make claim for disability benefits?" I asked wickedly, knowing the words would mean nothing to him. He nodded his head with the sunny optimism of his class, that believes a positive answer will eventually get results:

"Do you have group insurance?" I asked. Once more he nodded, but past experience cautioned me to make a thorough check on his statement. I squinted at his badge to find out his name and clock number, and looked for his record card in the file. *That* checked.

"How long were you ill?" I inquired.

"I been sick 'bout a month."

"Were you absent from work all that time?"

"I been off four days now."

"Have you returned to work yet?"

"I'm goin' back this shift; doctor says I can." I set my jaw firmly and prepared to disillusion the poor fellow.

"I'm sorry, sir," I explained, with all the kindness I could muster, "but you won't be able to collect any benefits, since you have to be absent from work for more than a week."

"But I been sick!"

"I'm sorry, but your policy specifically states that you cannot collect

\*Note: "Powder Monkey" is an uncomplimentary name for a munitions worker.

benefits unless you have missed more than seven days' work. If you'll read your policy carefully. . . ." He turned dumbly away and shuffled out of the office. He wasn't angry or resentful; but I knew too well the dumb submissiveness with which he accepted the stern decrees of the Powers-That-Be, typified in this instance by a humble clerk in an insurance office.

Angrily and impatiently I returned to my typing and hit a wrong key with a vicious splat! I hated myself for having had to crush the old man's hopes, and I hated him because I realized I probably felt more poignantly about the incident than he did. I reached for an eraser and began briskly to rub out my error.

"Damn!" I thought wrathfully. "Why do these people have to be so ignorant!"

## There Is a Dark Side

JESSE DAVIES

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1944-1945*

IF THE ATTITUDE OF THE SOLDIERS WHO ARE FIGHTING this war was as bad as that of many of the workers in the munitions plant where I was employed, we would now all be heiling Hitler and watching his goosesteppers march down Fifth Avenue and Wall Street. The attitude was like a plague, spreading among the workers; it seemed that only the administrative branch escaped. Those affected didn't "give a damn" about their jobs or the production goals. When part of the plant shut down because of lack of materials, the workers cheered and hoped that the shut-down would last a long time. During the cheering no one thought about the amount of explosives that could be produced during the time the shutdown would last. The amount was large, the need for the explosives great, and yet they cheered and joked about the coming short vacation with pay.

This feeling was responsible for many costly accidents. One welder lost both his legs because he neglected to inspect the pipe he was welding. The pipe was filled with T.N.T. that exploded from the heat of his torch. An explosion costing the government several million dollars would not have happened if an operator had not dozed off during the monotony of his repeated operations. As it happened, he was adding the acids and other ingredients when he fell asleep. He awoke suddenly, looked with horror at his temperature gauge, and fled from the building. The resulting explosion

cost the plant one-twelfth of its former production. I can remember clearly the screams of a man who was being drenched in fuming sulphuric acid. A workman on the previous shift had reversed the connections on the unloading pipes of a tank car filled with acid, causing a great pressure to be built up inside the car. When the air vent was released, acid, not air, came out, and caught the worker in the gusher of 109 percent acid. He paid dearly for the careless attitude of another.

A person not understanding the conditions under which the men worked probably wonders why such an attitude existed. Perhaps some of the causal factors can be seen by comparing the two years 1941 and 1944. In 1941 living costs were not very high, rates of pay for the workers were good, and the work was not too hard because there wasn't the manpower shortage there is now. In 1944, however, living costs went high, the rates of pay remained the same, and there was three times as much work because of speeded up production and labor shortage. Another thing to discourage the worker was the fact that women were being hired and placed in the jobs that would otherwise give promotions to men. The women were paid less; so the men could not claim seniority rights. This, perhaps, caused more ill feeling between the managers and the workers than any other factor, although there were many more. Men who worked double shifts, or sixteen-hour shifts, so that production could be maintained despite the labor shortage, ate in the plant cafeteria because they could not carry enough food in their lunch boxes to last them. The white collar workers eating there resented their presence and an order was issued that the operators, or common workers, would have to eat in the area of their jobs. The food was brought to them from the cafeteria in trucks and on the way it became cold and undesirable. This unfair discrimination between the "white collars," or administrative workers, and the operators was never to be forgotten, and it also added to the growing friction between management and operation.

The company operating the plant was continually contradicting its aims. For instance, safety first was the topic of mass meetings and much emphasis was placed on the workers' welfare and safety. In contrast, the company seldom acknowledged safety suggestions from the workers. The company did quite well in keeping operating costs down by restricting promotions and carefully checking time cards, but they lost more than they gained through the wasting of material. T.N.T. was shipped to distant parts in white pine boxes and the empty boxes were sent back for re-use. Instead of being re-used, however, the boxes were burned by carload lots. Then during an acute shortage of boxes the plant lost time and the result was the plant's failure to meet the goals during the invasion of France when explosives were badly needed.



Most war plants were built on the cost-plus basis. The contractor building the plant received a percentage above the cost of construction. This resulted in the wasting of much money and material that is very difficult to get today. I once saw a crazy thing happen. I saw a bulldozer covering over a deep trench filled with kegs of copper nails, fireproof slate siding used on buildings, sheets of half-inch lead used for the floors of buildings, and tons of steel pipe used to convey acid. This material cannot be bought by everyone today and its cost is enormous. Buildings were torn down and rebuilt because they were not spaced properly to the exact foot. Bridges were blasted and rebuilt because they did not line up with their roads when the roads were built at a later time. The American people's money flowed as freely as the Kankakee River that cut through the plant.

It is little wonder the workers hesitate before signing up for war bonds. It is little wonder, also, that the workers complain about their income tax, and try to cut it down wherever possible; for it is difficult to stand by and see your own money squandered. I have not tried to justify the attitude of the worker, for I realize the fact that any attitude that is a hindrance to our war effort is unjustifiable. I have, instead, tried to bring out some plausible causes and results of this attitude. I have tried to explain that the workers were embittered by the unfairness and dishonesty of a modern industry.

## Uncle's Last Fling

MARY LOU ROHLING

*Rhetoric I, Theme 4, 1944-1945*

WHEN MY FATHER WAS A BOY OF TEN, HIS OLDEST and wealthiest uncle, Emile, a gay old blade of fifty-six, loosed his earthly bonds and flew with the angels toward the pearly gates (we hope!). Before his death, Uncle Emile had specified that his mortal remains were to be cremated. Under no other circumstances were his nephews to receive a penny of his money.

As there were no crematories in Holland at the turn of the century, his body had to be shipped across the border into France for cremation. A week after the shipment had been made, my father's older brothers, William, Jan, and Lucien, left for France to bring Uncle back to his final resting place, a tiny shelf in the family mausoleum.

The trip to Roubaix was uneventful. They saw the morgue-keeper, paid him the fee, and were given a rather large bottle which, they were told, contained all that was left of Uncle Emile. William observed that there was still half an hour before train time. Accordingly they made their way to a small cafe. There, in its dimly lighted, smoky interior, they proposed a toast to Uncle Emile, who, in his place of honor under the table, could scarcely be expected to appreciate their sentiments. They talked awhile, smoked a cigar, and then, discovering that they had but a few minutes in which to catch the train, grabbed their hats and coats and dashed hurriedly down the street to the station, each thinking that the other had the bottle containing Uncle's ashes. Poor Emile, lonely and forlorn, lay in state, still under the table.

By the time the train reached Belgium, the boys had discovered their error and made arrangements with the conductor for the return trip. After what seemed endless hours they reached Roubaix once more. They ran up the little side street and into the cafe. The bottle was gone! They accosted the waiter and, in their excitement, demanded to know where Uncle Emile was. After the preliminary confusion, during which the waiter furiously denied ever knowing Uncle Emile, William explained that they were looking for his ashes, in a bottle. Leading them to the back room of the cafe, the waiter pointed out the metal tubs where the empty bottles were discarded and told them to look for Emile there, if they chose.

After an anxious ten-minute search, they found the bottle, or rather what was left of it, broken, in one of the tubs. Uncle Emile was strewn all over the bottom of the tub. William instructed Jan to search for another suitable receptacle while Lucien and he gathered up the ashes. Jan returned in a moment with what he termed "the most appropriate bottle" he could find. They placed the ashes in it and returned with them to Holland.

When questioned by my grandfather about the propriety of such a container for Emile's remains, the boys answered that Uncle wanted it that way. So now no one thinks it's queer to walk into the family vault and see on a shelf in the back a bottle plainly marked: Chateau Yauem, 1883 (the best sauterne in all France), and under this label a gold-letter placard:

BERNARD EMILE BERGER

1846 - 1902

May his spirit rest in peace.

Amen.

# The Gentle Soul

PAUL OLSON

*Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1944-1945*

WHEN MY SISTER HELEN CAME RUNNING HOME AND told us the news about Carrie Syler, I guess we made more noise than at last year's Fourth of July picnic. It was too exciting to keep still about. Carrie had gotten married!

There wasn't one of us who didn't think she was the kindest lady in the world, next to our own mother, and I know we weren't the only ones in West Hancock who thought so. She lived in a big, unpainted house on Emery Street, where almost every afternoon she was visited by someone on his way home from school.

The first time I met her was when I was in the fourth grade. I had stopped to throw some rocks onto her porch; she came to the door and asked me to come in. I don't know why I didn't run, but for some reason I wasn't scared. I thought she might pull my ears, but I was willing to risk it in order to see what she wanted. She told me I ought to be kind to her because she wanted to be kind to me, and right then we became friends. She always offered her guests peanut butter kisses and played songs about heaven for them on the piano. With her light blue eyes and yellow hair, she seemed so much like an angel that one look from her made you suddenly feel sorry for every mean thing you ever did. When her visitors left, she gave them Methodist Sunday School papers.

It was on such a visit that my sister learned of Carrie's marriage.

A few older people used to talk about her as though they were making fun of her. Whenever they spoke of Carrie's going to every funeral in town, they used to laugh and say, "I guess the old girl isn't any too bright." Those of us who knew her best, though, never saw anything to laugh at. We happened to know that Carrie cried at every funeral whether she had ever heard of the one who died or not, and I guess there's nothing so funny about that!

Everybody thought it was wonderful that she was married. Her husband was a French Canadian whose name we couldn't pronounce, but we made it easy by calling him Camel Romeo. He had roomed in her house for years, and some people said it was a good match. I noticed they usually snickered when they said it, though, and I couldn't see it at all. Carrie was tall and fair, and Camel was short and dark and had a big nose. Anyway, it didn't matter as long as Carrie was happy.

For about a year and a half after the wedding day we hardly saw them



except on Sunday afternoon, when they drove up Racecourse Hill and back again in Camel's Saxon. Carrie had stopped going to most funerals and even missed the big one at the Norwegian Church when "Pastry" Nelson died. We didn't see her much at her house either; it seemed very different with Camel around all the time. He just sat reading and looking angry. Then one day he chased everybody out and said that it was his house and he would decide who could come in. We never went there again after that, even though we knew Carrie wanted to see us.

People had thought for quite a while that something was wrong, but still it came as a surprise to everybody when they learned that Camel was going to divorce her. Then it came out that he had been courting Mrs. "Pastry" Nelson, and it was said he wasn't satisfied with the money from Carrie's rooming house and wanted to get into the pastry business. He thought it a fine system to have a woman make the meat pies while he sold them. After two and a half years, then, Carrie's marriage was finished.

It was a Saturday morning when they went off to the county seat. My cousin and I were going down Emery Street toward the canal when the car came down the drive. Carrie was wiping her eyes. Mrs. Savoy, who lived next door, was the only one who saw them come back. She told Mama that afternoon that when they returned, Camel had run into the house and come out again with all his things. She said he looked all red and excited and that Carrie was crying as though she were crazy. Mama had a way of making people calm down, and although she didn't know at first if she really ought to, she finally went over to see Carrie.

When she came back an hour or so later she told Papa all about it. As she was talking to him, he started to grin and get red and choke up, but a look from her made him serious again. Mama was not the kind who would laugh at anything like that, but poor Carrie couldn't keep it secret herself, and it was joked about long afterwards. She and Camel had never known that a marriage license alone was not enough. There was no divorce because there had been no wedding.

By that time I was too big to be visiting ladies on my way home from school, but I walked by the house a few weeks later. I saw the door closing behind my youngest brother and several other children, and it gave me a good, comfortable feeling. I felt sure things had worked out very well after all.

As I turned the corner I could still hear her playing the piano and a shrill chorus singing,

"There are treasures in heaven,  
There are treasures in heaven,  
There are treasures for chi-ildren  
in heaven . . ."

## Music Room

Almost as if this bantering music were an entrance cue, a slight, baby-faced girl clicks into the room. She walks kicking her heels impudently almost in time to the beat of the skipping violin bow. She is an outsider. There is usually one present at every music hour and it is interesting to notice these people whom the music does not touch. She sits now with one heel planted firmly on the floor, the other swinging merrily and quite effectively. She is reading a newspaper, but not really, for her brown, squirrel's eyes dart over, about and around the edges of the paper at the people—more specifically, the men in the room. The look is hard and cold, keen and calculating, a look that somehow does not belong to a baby-faced girl. She is ignored, even by the frolicsome notes, and she feels that she is an outsider—the music has escaped her—she knows she doesn't belong and I don't think I shall see her here again. But suddenly, without warning, the strings break into the swift, moving melody, and the scherzo comes to a sharp pizzicato stop.

Now each one unconsciously prepares himself for the finale. They all know what is to come, yet their faces bear the joyfully expectant expressions of a child seeing the circus for the tenth time. It is not disappointing—its sublimity at once thrills the heart . . . lifts it higher, higher until one must catch his breath for fear of soaring so high he must finally drop into fathomless space. But no, there is no sudden dropping but a smooth delicious rippling descent that carries the heart in sweet pain to its former place on earth. There is a raucous movement, an interruption—heads jerk up impatiently. The baby-faced girl kills her cigarette with two insolent scarlet-tipped fingers, runs a quick comb through her hair and flounces out just as the music reaches its first climax. Her action is disturbing, but not for long. The melody has triumphed again, this time louder, forcefully with complete orchestra and violin. Louder and louder the music thunders, unashamed. Now it swells into deep, sonorous tones . . . now slowly, slowly it comes to its husky finish. It is ended.—ADELE HERZOG

## A Lesson in Psychology

I consider the preparation for the production of a play one painfully long psychological venture. Whether or not the actors are experienced determines the method of psychology. If the actors are experienced, the rehearsal period must be carried out with an air of great importance. The actors, especially if they are seasoned veterans of the junior play at high school, must be treated with deference by both the members of the faculty and the other students. This produces a hateful little clique of egotists who irregularly honor the school by their attendance in classes.

If, however, the actors are inexperienced, the effect of the novelty of the activity may require either of two psychological treatments. For example, with the one who seriously considers himself a potential Gary Cooper, one must discuss the aspects of his part—whether, in his one and only entrance, he should, as he sets the tray on the table, bow humbly or with English stiffness. With the other new actor, who may lightly cast aside compliments on her own acting, and glibly enumerate the faults of the others, one is often left no alternative. With such an experienced critic, one *must* agree! — V. LORENE CAROTHERS

## Rhet as Writ

He [Chiang Kai shek] . . . goes to bed early and arises even earlier.

. . . .

My birth was a very calm event. It occurred during a pause in the conversation while Mother was canning tomatoes.

. . . .

Being born of healthy, intelligent parents gave me a fine chance of developing likewise. I inherited my dad's big feet, but mother in turn made up for it by passing on a good set of teeth.

. . . .

Industry in Russia is very poorly ran. A Kremlin is in charge of each factory. This Kremlin is appointed by the Government.

. . . .

Remember Life is what you make it so let's make it something unforgettable.

. . . .

By reading the book you learn how people work themselves from the bottom up, the hard way.

. . . .

Wealth consists of mines, machinery, farms, and factories used in further production of mankind.

. . . .

On this ship was a massive wench and cable.

. . . .

He was as clean as a freshly scoured pan, and his face was like its shining bottom.

. . . .

There have been many fine people in this world that in being on their death bed, lost confidence in themselves and passed on.

. . . .

Let us strike the axe where it will do the most good—the American parent!



## Honorable Mention

Lawrence Borns—*Development of the Gerrymander  
in the United States*

Sister M. Bronisia—*Radio in Education*

Muriel M. Burke—*Business Ambassador*

A. Ansell Gopaul—*There'll Be a Hot Time*

Leslie Henriques—*Education for Peace*

Iris Herbrig—*A Child Is Born*

Lila Jones—*Cannibalism*

Raymond Jordan—*Retrospection*

Ben Leviton—*Philosophy of Marx*

Lorraine McCluny—*War Dogs of World War I*

Heinz G. Neumann—*Journey to Freedom*

Sally Pfeffer—*Batter Up!*

